The Missile

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

November, 1932

THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXI. PETERSBURG, VA., NOVEMBER, 1932 No. 1

Member of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association

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Issued four times a year, in November, January, March and May, by the students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Petersburg, Virginia.

Subscription Rates: 20 cents each for first three issues, fourth issue 25c; 60 cents per year.

THE MISSILE P

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Editorials

Alumni Association

THE Petersburg High School has benefited itself by taking advantage of a large number of the many possible extra-curricula activities. However, it seems to us that one more organization should be added to this present group. It is very evident that there is not enough contact with the alumni of our school.

We have endeavored to remedy this lack by the insertion of an Alumni Department in this magazine a few years ago. For some reason or other this department has not lived up to our expectations. Possibly we have not taken quite the interest in this alumni work that we should or probably, by being a little too ambitious, we have approached it from the wrong angle: that of hoping to increase circulation. Whatever may be the verdict on this matter, one conclusion forces itself upon us: Petersburg High School needs an Alumni Association.

We bring up this matter for several reasons. The outstanding purpose is to obtain and maintain alumni cooperation with this school. Each one of you knows and has seen how your own schoolmates, possibly only once, if ever, after graduation, return to their school for a visit. They no longer support its activities, and they regard it merely as a has-been. They know little of those who preceded them and care less about those who follow. Likewise, with no mutual attraction between Petersburg High and its alumni, the school rapidly loses interest in its former pupils.

But why, one may ask, should the school and the graduate maintain interest in each other? What benefits would either receive from such cooperation? The answer is obvious.

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"The Missile"

Through an active and well organized alumni body, the former students would have an agency through which they could keep in touch with the school. This interest on their part would cause them willingly to lend their continual support to all school activities, especially in the fields of athletics and publications. In return for this type of support the school will repay the alumni in many similar and helpful ways.

We now come to the organization itself. Alumni Associations have been formed twice before in the history of the present school. Immediately one question pops into your mind. Why did such a body fail? It failed for one reason. It lacked a lively set of officers. This was due to several causes; mainly, the fact that some of the officers, not being residents of Petersburg, were very often unable to attend meetings. That, then, presents the first step towards establishing an active organization. Obtain an energetic board, composed of alumni here in this city, taken from different periods of graduation, and chosen for their ability and willingness to run matters correctly. Meetings should be held at definite times during the year, preferably at Christmas and at graduation time; dinners should be served, entertainment and programs arranged, plans for the forthcoming year discussed, and, if possible, there should be dancing afterwards.

If these plans were carried out painstakingly and properly, graduates from every class not only would be willing, but would be eager to cooperate with such an organization.

—G. H. R.

—o—

School Activities

IT'S A FAR CRY from the theories of the venerable Dr. Johnson to those of educators in this era. From the vigorous application of the theory, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," educational procedure has, or is, gradually turning to the more logical way of training the human mind; that is, to a more sympathetic study of the individual and his qualifications other than those of an ability to absorb knowledge from a book.

Credit work can now be done in such studies as cooking,

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sewing, woodworking, art, and music, but even more extensive in its scope, though not credited by the school, is the work carried on in the various clubs.

Foremost among the organizations of the school which give an individual a chance to broaden himself in experience and the cultivation of his talent is the Dramatic Club. Here one is able to study and take part in the production of plays of a worthwhile nature, and to enter into a beneficial competion with others.

Following the Dramatic Club closely, in point of cultural and utilitarian values, are the literary clubs whose extensive programs allow a wide play of interest in the realms of debating and literary work. Here too the pupil competes and represents the school in the annual debates.

Other clubs in the school ranging from special study groups to those of a more social nature contribute to the varied activities possible for every student. In connection with athletics and work on publications, these organizations complete an extensive field for any one's outside interests and for constructive work.

Thus we find that the clubs are a distinct asset to the school, and that those taking an active part in their work are benefited in no small way. In other words, putting our point in more or less mathematical phraseology, the pleasure or profit that can be derived from such work varies directly as the amount of interest or work invested.

—J. C. S.

LOU
MOORE

The Missile
P.H.S.
I. GRIGG

On St. Paul's Estimate of Love

By George Harrison

Two thousand years ago he wrote,
  That man so small with body frail,
And still his words on love we quote—
  That love is never known to fail.
It failed me once, I hear you vote,
  Then 'twas not love, such fires don't
    pale.

What did he say, this small weak man?
  That it would bear and still be kind.
It never vaunted its own plan,
  It envied not, sought not to find
Excuse for quarrels, laid a ban
  On evil thoughts, nor one maligned.

For it could bear, believe and hope.
  Can such love fail? Believe it not;
Such things will last beyond all scope
  Of time. They surely make our lot
Happy on earth. We could not cope
  With life, were ever love forgot.

He Wanted To Be Remembered.

By Sarah Petty

AT FIFTY, Edward Guthrie paused in his job of making money and took a calm survey of life. Business matters were satisfactory. The great collieries he had developed in Somerset Valley were working steadily. His lead in the thriving mining town was so well recognized that he was known as "The Diamond King." He was proud of Somerset with its busy stores, pretty houses, happy homes, knowing it was largely his foresight and energy that had brought all this about. There were the Black Diamond Collieries, the Black Diamond Store, the Black Diamond Park for children—all his own. There was nothing bearing the name of Edward Guthrie.

When men get halfway across the journey of life, they sometimes speculate as to how soon they will be forgotten. Guthrie did not want to be forgotten. He felt that his success, won by long and arduous toil, entitled him to live in the memory of those people who had shared with him the fruits of the industry he had created.

"The Black Diamond King" resolved to do something that would remain in the minds of the people even after he had passed on. What could he do?

The mine operator occupied apartments in a large house on a hill near the outskirts of the town. One afternoon, as he was walking toward his home, Guthrie was aware of some commotion down the street. There were shouts of warning; people were running in all directions. Finally he penetrated the confusion enough to see a large dog, with its tongue hanging out, rushing toward a little child which, seeing no danger, was calmly making sand piles near the gutter. Guthrie had passed the child, was between it and the mad dog, and then had stepped out of the way very unconcerned as the animal rushed by him intent on its prey. Just before the dog reached the child a shirt-sleeved man, with a club raised, rushed out of a yard, and with a well-aimed blow laid the dog out.

Guthrie stopped, looked thoughtfully at the crowd that had gathered, and then walked slowly home. An hour later "The Evening News" came along with the story of the mad dog scare.

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There was a good deal about Teddy Baxter, the teamster, who had run out with a wagon stake and had stopped the dog just before it reached the little boy. And it wasn't Teddy's child either.

"It was a gallant thing to do," commented the News, "and it is no wonder that Mrs. Jones hugged Teddy for saving her boy."

Guthrie reflected that he had been closer to the dog than Teddy, and if he hadn't moved out of the way he would have been the first to encounter it. He had known the dog was making for the child! Everybody was so excited, so intent on getting out of the way, that none had seen Guthrie step aside and leave a clear path for the dog. In times of peril one couldn't be blamed for losing his head for an instant. But Teddy didn't lose his head; and he was only a teamster, a day laborer. He couldn't even start towards erecting some famous building. If anyone should tell him that he needed a memorial building, Teddy would probably laugh at the joke and say it was nothing. He was that way. He never thought of himself as a hero. He and his wife lived in a little cottage on a cross street, and were as happy as if they had millions. They were always doing some kindly deed for their neighbors, and the children in the vicinity adored them.

"The Black Diamond King," with his millions, found himself envious of the teamster with nothing. Until that night Guthrie had never known what a big thing life was, had never realized that there was something grander than making and bestowing money. He had been a good man in a conventional way, but he felt it was due him that the world recognize his goodness. He wanted people to talk about it. And he had stood aside and let a maddened beast run toward a little child without an effort to stop it! He might have kicked at it with his heavy boots, or have done something. But he hadn't done a thing —not a thing!

A few years later there was a good deal of talk on the west coast of Africa about a man who had gone to the interior among one of the tribes that was being slain by an epidemic. This man, who was described as tall and strong, with thick beard and hair, took with him surgeons and medicines, and with untold hardships, had climbed over mountains and waded through swamps to reach the afflicted tribe. There they labored by

night and by day, caring for the sick, burying the dead, cleaning up the filthy disease-breeding places, and finally defeated the malady. The surgeons, exhausted mentally and physically, came out, but the man who took them there and directed them in their efforts, remained with those who had suffered so pitifully.

"He wasn't taken sick until the work was about done," said one of the doctors, "and when he left us there was a smile on his face. We thought it queer, because nobody smiled over there. He had worked with the energy of a dynamo. I don't believe he ever slept until he went to his last rest. What he did and directed saved a thousand lives."

"What did you say his name was?" asked a man who had been listening to the story.

"He never told us," replied the doctor. "We called him 'comrade,' and he seemed to like that. He never spoke of his former country. It appeared that he didn't care to have known what he was doing. He was well supplied with money, and spent it without stint in preparing for the expedition. From some brief talks in the mountains I gathered he had been a mining man."

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Meditations

By Judith Pond

When stars appear out of the dark,
  Out on the silent plain,
When the heat of the sun has passed
      away,
  I find my strength again.

Under the million friendly eyes,
  That smile in the lonely night,
Close to the silent country's heart,
  I find my heart is light.

Out with the smell of new mown hay,
  Out where the daisies nod;
Here in this quiet spot I find
  Myself, my soul, and God.

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My First Trip Alone

By J. T. Woodward

THE GREATEST event of my childhood was the time I went downtown alone for the first time. It outranks in importance the time the policeman let me sit on his horse or when a fireman at the nearby fire station let me ring the engine bell. It was the first time in my life that I was away from the watchful eye of some nervous kinsman or rather, kinswoman.

This great adventure all came about because I needed a hair cut and mother, being too ill, could not take me to town to get me sheared. It may seem ruthless for me to quote "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," but I assure you that it was just a minor ailment that kept mother in and that she quickly recovered. Anyway, I had to get my hair cut because I was going to say a speech before Sunday school the next day.

After much discussion, Daddy, who put a higher appraisement on my intelligence and ability (for some obscure reason) than the other members of the family, suggested that I come downtown alone to meet him after office hours; then, we would get my hair cut. Well, mother was faced on the one side of having her dearest, snaggled-toothed son facing the dangers of a street car ride alone, and on the other of having the said beloved, skinny-legged son speaking before the Sunday school with a mass of shaggy hair that would have disgraced the well-advertised Wild Man of Borneo.

That afternoon, with all kinds of instructions concerning crossing streets, paying street car conductors, and blowing my nose whirling through my head, I walked down to the street car line in the sedate manner that I deemed the occasion demanded. Alas! I saw none of my playmates to whom I could boast of the perilous adventure on which I was setting out.

The street car arrived, and I climbed on. With what I suppose must have been one of those oft-mentioned grim looks on my face, I handed the conductor my fare. When I got on the car, there were hardly six people on it. I had dozens of seats to choose from, but no place in the car could suit me except the front platform, right beside the motorman.

Now, it's supposed to be very dangerous to talk to street car motormen. Most cars have signs warning anyone against such a reckless thing, but I couldn't read in those days. I asked the motorman all kinds of dumb and dumber questions—"How many dogs have you ever run over? Would you rather be a motorman or a conductor? How fast will the street car go? Why are all the cars painted green? Why don't they paint some of them red? What is a trolley for? What would you do if the car ran off the track?" After a while he would only cough or grunt when I asked a question, so I quit asking them, though there were still hundreds of things I hadn't found out.

The scenery on this particular car line was magnificent. For blocks and blocks it went through a negro section. These colored people had such interesting houses. They had the outsides plastered with the prettiest circus posters and soft drink signs. One house had the old roof of a car covering its front stoop. Nearly all of them had old broken down automobiles in their back yards. How I used to envy those black children who played on those old wrecks! I wished I had an old discarded fire engine to play with. All of this I had seen many, many times before when I had been to town with mother, but it all looked so new and wonderful seeing it alone.

Presently, the car came to the busy downtown section. There were clanging bells, screeching brakes, shrieking whistles of traffic officers, and shouting newsboys. Tall buildings loomed high on either side. Many people walked the sidewalks, but none looked familiar. I began to be afraid, but not so very much so. It was a kind of thrilling fear—the kind you have when you turn out the lights and listen to ghost stories.

At last my destination came in sight. I did not ring the bell for my stop as common people do. I tapped the motorman on his shoulder and said, "Next stop;" just like that, brief and business-like.

Who knows but that some day I may explore wild, unknown lands or sail uncharted seas? I may be the first man to travel to some distant planet. I may even eat more soft-boiled eggs than has any man dead or alive, or sit on a flag pole longer. Who knows? But no matter what I do in later life, I shall never have another experience that can approach that of my first trip alone downtown.

Hi-Jacker

By V. L. Williamson

AT A SMALL table near one of the huge marble columns of "Tony's Night Club" sat a boy who didn't seem a part of the atmosphere of colored lights, balloons, laughing girls, hilarious young men, and funny hats all about. His build and attire were like those of his neighbors, but his tanned, roughened skin and work-hardened hands seemed as if they did not belong with his costume.

"A small cocktail, please," said he to an astonished waiter, who was not used to such an order or to politeness.

Hadn't his mother warned him against night clubs and speakeasies, his thoughts ran? Well, he had wanted to get a glimpse of one, and here he was. Poor Polly had worked so hard to get through high school, depending on him to send her to college so that she could be a teacher. His father's store was about to be sold because the mortgage was due and he had no money. Hadn't his father given him his last twenty-five dollars to come to New York to find a job? Now here he was in a night club. He told himself that he would not come again; just once would be enough.

The cocktail was fire and ice, and its effect upon him was queer. He felt drowsy, but at the same time more wide awake and alert than usual.

"Bring me another," he said, forgetting his usual politeness.

With the second, he became more conscious of his surroundings. The lights seemed brighter, the girls prettier, and he longed to become one of these midnight revelers.

For the first time he became aware of his neighbors at the next table: a tall pasty-faced fellow, a dark swarthy, foreign-looking man and their companion, who seemed to be a gigolo. Their conversation, though low, had contained snatches that he was able to overhear. He had heard Filton Road mentioned, and he now listened more intently.

"The chief says to make it 12 o'clock," said the pasty-faced one.

"Yeah," assented the swarthy chap, "just beyond Joe's place."

"Be sure to carry your rod 'cause Big Mike's gang is sure to be well heeled," continued the pasty-faced fellow.

"Ya can expect plenty of hell." This from the dark-skinned one as he got up to leave.

"See ya later."

The others followed after paying the check.

Never before in Johnnie Barlowe's life had there been such a dare-devil sense of adventure overpowering his better judgment. He continued to sit and sip one cocktail after another, the sense of excitement burning high within him. This was the life! Why had he never come here before? He became familiar with the waiter, calling him "pal" and "buddy" as he ordered. He even smiled and spoke to the cigarette girl as she passed, a thing which he never would have dreamed of doing had he been in his right mind.

As the hands of the clock moved rapidly toward twelve, his thoughts kept turning to Joe's Place . . . . Filton Road . . . . 12 o'clock. Finally at a quarter of twelve he rose shakily, although he felt strong as an ox,tipped the check girl lavishly as he received his hat and coat, and had the doorman call a taxi.

"Joe's Place, Filton Road," Johnnie said with an air of importance when he stepped into the cab.

This was not an unusual request. The taxi-driver had had many similar ones from visitors to Tony's. He had never seen this face before, it is true. Probably a new one, he thought.

The lights grew less frequent, and finally they were in utter darkness. As they drew up to Joe's Place, Johnnie saw that it was dimly lighted, and a group of men within were sitting around as if waiting for some sign or signal to give them permission to start.

The ride had sobered him to a certain extent, but his eagerness for excitement still prevailed. What was it they were all waiting for, Johnnie asked himself? He was positive that something was going to happen, and soon, too. But what? That was the one thing Johnnie didn't know. He didn't quite have the courage to go in, so he went down the road a little way, being careful to keep out of sight if any car should come along. None did, however. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and turned up his collar so he would not be recognized. Why was he here? Why had he dared to come? Was he, Johnnie Bar-

lowe, within five hundred yards of Joe's Place, where a group of gangsters were assembled, the same Johnnie Barlowe who had come to New York only four days ago from a country village? What would his mother and Polly think if they knew he had gone to a night club and was now attempting to mix with gangsters—real ones, that he had so often read about and about whom he had heard his father speak with an air of contempt?

Into the midst of all these thoughts came the low rumbling sound of a heavy car. Johnnie stepped out into the road to see a huge truck lumbering its way towards him. It slowed down and stopped. A man jumped from the seat next to the driver and, approaching Johnnie, said as he handed over a package:

"Big Mike sent this. He said for you to lay off tonight."

"Er-er-r sure," said Johnnie, "everything's gonner be O. K."

He stuffed the package into his pocket as he watched the man get back into the truck.

Hi-jacking! The thought struck Johnnie like a thunderbolt. Having at last realized the danger of his position, his main thought was to get away—as far away as he could and as quickly as possible. He crept through a patch of woods. At this moment there was a sound of great commotion, shots, and rough voices. What would happen if they found him? If only he had not come here in the first place. Half stumbling, half running, Johnnie made his way back, keeping in the shadows of the trees until he was at a safe distance from Joe's Place, and even then being careful to keep out of the road, lest the truck or some car passing should see him.

Johnnie will never know how he dragged himself those weary miles to a taxi stand, and then to his room. Half undressed, he crept into bed.

Johnnie awoke the next morning with a nasty taste in his mouth and a cracking headache. Dimly the thoughts of the night before came back to him. Getting up made his head hurt even worse, but he finally managed to get dressed and then went out for breakfast. The wind blew icily and stung his cheeks and ears. He turned up his collar, and reaching his hands into his pocket for his gloves, he drew out a package. Ah! It all came back to him—the man in the truck. Quickly he opened the package and found it to contain money. One hundred dol-

lar bills! Five . . . . ten . . . . fifteen . . . . twenty of them! Two thousand dollars! Johnnie had never seen so much money at one time before. He had never thought of having so much at one time. Oh, now he could send Polly to college. Now he could help his father pay the mortgage on the store. Life was sweet! All these things and many others ran through Johnnie' mind as he made his way down the block to a restaurant. Suddenly he came back to earth upon hearing a newsboy yell, "Extra! All about the big hi-jacking on Filton Road."

Buying a paper he read:

"Last night on Filton Road, near Joe's Place, one of the members of Big Mike's gang was bringing through a big haul when he was hi-jicked. Two of the gangsters were killed in the fight that followed. It is rumored that Big Mike had tried to buy off the members of Chief's gang, but was double-crossed by them."

———o———

Sunrise

By W. D. Temple

And ere the dew has begun to fade
  From this cold sullen crest,
The beams of the sun lift up the shade
  For a day to be filled with zest.

And ere the dew has begun to fade
  And birds their nests to leave,
The sky with beauty is arrayed
  By the rays which I perceive.

And ere the dew has begun to fade
  From the vale so long and narrow,
Sunrise, in all its splendor made,
  Has come like a flying arrow.

Sky-Rockets

By Lucile Tench

WEBSTER defined the word "sky-rocket" as being a kind of firework containing nitre, sulphur, charcoal, etc. When it is ignited it is propelled through the air by the liberated gases. Webster was right. I do not blame him; indeed, I envy him. He lived before the time when the term became applied to a motor and a huge mass of steel loops and dips claimed to give thrills to those seeking them at various amusement parks. After my first—and, incidentally, last—ride on one of those evil things, I am firmly convinced that I shall never forgive the miserable inventor.

I cannot, to save my life, see how the owners take in enough of the innocent public's hard-earned money to pay for the gas, gun powder, or whatever it is that makes the things go. I paid a dime to ride—once; I shall regret my foolish extravagance to the end of my days. How nice a chocolate soda would have tasted! How much easier on my nerves it would have been!

It was a perfect day until that awful ride. When my companions suggested trying the sky-rocket, I readily agreed. I would try anything once, I boasted. I paid my precious ten cents and stepped into the little car with a brave and jaunty air. In reality I suffered from an annoying crook in my neck, hunger, and a promising case of sunburn. But what did such trifling things matter? The sky was blue, and the sun made dazzling the salty waves in the distance.

The car began to climb slowly. Mercifully, the first hill was not steep and the shock slight. But, oh, the next! We paused one brief moment at the top, and I looked down. I let out a yell that easily surpassed any Apache war whoop in volume and clutched the iron bar before me. With a roar we shot downward. Like poor Aeneas when he heard Polydorus speaking from the ground, my hair stood on end and my voice stuck in my throat. The next moment I was at the foot of another steep incline in a somewhat dazed condition. My constitution, being unable to keep up with my own terrific speed, had been left far behind.

My heart dashed about like one of those fascinating molecules we learn about in chemistry. In such a perilous position I suppose I should have started praying. I didn't think about

it then, however. I said farewell to the bright world about me. I was suddenly bitterly disappointed in humanity and its sky-rockets. I saw huge, black headlines, "Girl Killed After Fall From Sky-Rocket." I consoled myself with the cheerful knowledge that such a death would be quick and almost painless. I saw no kinder fate before me.

There had been a sign somewhere: "Last Warning—Do Not Stand Up!" But my seat and I had parted company ages ago. We simply couldn't keep together; I went a great deal faster, it appeared. We topped many hills, and I groaned in despair each time I gazed down into that sickening depth below me. Never again—if I managed to survive. I attempted to yell again just as I hit the bottom of another dip. I only succeeded in biting my lip. The wretched car that had threatened sure destruction slowed down after an eternity of torture. I staggered out, pale and weak.

"Want to ride again?" someone asked.

"Let's wait awhile," I begged feebly.

My lip had swelled a great deal. As for the crook in my neck—I guess I left it hanging on the top of that first hill beside all my gay courage. I didn't go back to see, at any rate. Thrills? No thank you! I prefer hereafter, the good old-fashioned merry-go-round.

———o———

Appreciation

By John Strickland

The moon arose in cloudless skies;
  The land was filled with silver light,
And I sat staring with sightless eyes
  And missed the beauty of the night.

Then soon I rose and went to see,
  And marvel at with all the rest,
The beauty of a painted tree,
  The work of an artist by fame
    caressed.

Dying Embers

By George Reese

At night with wood fire burning low,
The darkness cheered with soft red glow,
I sit and gaze.
Fall. And like that ebbing fire,
The season, old, has lost its attire
Of brighter days.

Like the year: spring, summer, winter,
fall,
The fire has periods, four in all;
And then it dies.
Fresh wood; and crackling flames then
leap;
They roar; they settle; and in one heap
Its cold ash lies.

Through smoldering wood bursts purple
blaze,
As a lonely aster in autumn's haze
Points to the sky.
Those dying embers turn like snow;
The ash, live wood not long ago,
Now crumples, dry.

The Mountain Tale

By Beckwith Fuller

THE LONELY castle crouched upon the hill like some poisonous reptile. Its gloomy windows glared down at the dark town with seeming hatred. Its rotting and crumbling walls were the caricature of Time itself. Nature had covered parts of the castle with dense vegetation as if to hide some loathsome thing. The inside of the castle was more gloomy, if possible, than its outside. The damp, stifling air seemed desirous of smothering all life, but the dark cloisters were occupied by a group of filthy bats. The damp, dismal, and cobweb-covered corners were the homes of black and blood-thirsty spiders.

Down in the dungeons were numerous vaults of forgotten ancestors of a forgotten line. Some had been broken open and the bodies dragged out by an unknown animal. The white skeletons gleamed in the darkness like the eyes of monsters in the pierceless gloom.

The darkness was intensified by the movement of bats, the squeaking of rats in the vaults, and the lonely howl of a wolf on the trail of some lonely wayfarer battling against a storm seldom equalled. The sky was the hue of the infernal region, while lightning seemed to rend apart and loosen the walls of heaven. Thunder rolled and roared, as if to call up the forces of nature against some unknown enemy.

A lonely, bedraggled, and mud-bespattered traveler hastened onward to the castle for shelter.

As the lonely man neared the castle and started in, he was blinded by a flash of lightning that apparently scorched the earth. He entered and descended to the chamber on his right. Horrified and terror-stricken by the bats fluttering across the room and striking him in the face, he turned and was stopped by the creaking of an iron grating, slowly imprisoning him in the room.

Frantically he searched the cell for some means of egress, and suddenly his senses were numbed by the shrill and cracked laughter of an old man.

Three days of mental torture passed, and feeling the pangs of hunger and thirst, he eagerly waited the approach of the old man. Being extremely thirsty, he eagerly grabbed the drink extended him by the creature. Reluctantly he lowered the vial. His captor had disappeared and the last he heard was the cackling laugh of a maniac.

He regained consciousness in a room filled with chemicals and strange apparatus. He was the victim of a mad surgeon. Suffering excruciating torture as an after effect of the drug, he rose. Behind him a diabolic scream split the air. Terrified, he pivoted and came face to face with the wild-eyed demon.

In the tale of the mountain folk, there is a strange story. They say that if one passes the hill on a stormy night he will hear the shrieks and cries as the two battle in the stygian gloom in the Castle of Mavore.

———o———

Autumn

By Elizabeth Pond

There's a blue mist in the valleys,
And a gold hue on the hills,
A coverlet of spiders' silk
Is draped about the rills.

The autumn leaves are drifting down,
Like butterflies of red.
To rest beneath the cedar trees
That sing above the dead.

Goldenrods are dancing
In sunshine fair and bright;
Autumn's more than a memory
Of summer's mad delight.

"Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi"

By Cleveland Paylor

LEAVING the Great Inland Waterways behind, we headed westward, traveling through the waste lands of the northern part of the Wolverine state. For miles and miles tall, dark, quaint looking sentinels stretched their bare arms skyward. One could almost see the outline of the stealthy timber wolf as he sneaked across this desolate area. The eerie moan of the whistling wind through these naked tamaracks and cedars sent a chill through our entire being.

Almost before we fully realized it, we had entered heavily wooded territory with a dense growth of underbrush. Since we were traveling in a westward direction, this luxuriant vegetation walled us in, shutting out the rays of sunlight as though we were winding our way through a deep, dark canyon.

Coming to a well traversed by-way which aroused our curiosity about this wilderness, we, with a spirit of adventure, deviated from our planned route, wondering what we might find in this old Indian stamping ground. Suddenly reaching the end of the road, we saw a well blazed trail, and on walking about two hundred yards over this path we came to "The Wonder of the Northland."

The "Big Spring" or, as the Indians have named it, "Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi," has something gripping about it, something that holds you spellbound, like other great wonders of the world. Tall, coniferous trees springing up from the water's edge make it impossible for one to approach this body of water except by the trail. We could appreciate the vastness of this large spring only when we saw that it fed a swiftly flowing stream that curled about through the dark woods like a clammy serpent. The sensation we experienced is difficult to describe, and this sensation increased many fold as we stepped upon the raft which was attached to a huge, steel cable. One wanted to sit down because it seemed as though he was being suspended by some unseen force in mid-air as from the brink of a chasm. There is a feeling of uncanniness that astounds you. Some supernatural power, from the depths of the earth or the heavens above, causes cold chills to race up and down the spine.

Certain points in the sides of the great bowl formation of the spring are of an emerald hue—something like the oxidized

gratings and wickets in a modern bank. At other points there are various forms of plant life, lichens, moss and here and there some manarch of the forests which had harkened to the spell of "Kitch-Iti-Ki-Pi" and laid itself down in its mystic depths. Mossy curtains hang from these trees to the very bottom of the spring. Its floor is white sand, with many springs bubbling up like fountains. These springs, emptying one into another, constantly change the appearance of the bottom.

The waters are very transparent and magnify highly. We dropped a nickel into the pool. It flop-flopped and zig-zagged its way to the bottom, requiring from forty to fifty seconds to sink. As it came to rest, it appeared as if one could reach down and pick it up. The lettering on it was quite visible.

It is not known how long this wonder has been here, but one comes away chanting:

"Wonderful thought of a master mind;
Master work of a master hand;
This beautiful work and all of its kind,
Oh when, oh when, shall we understand?"

———o———

The Wind

By John T. Woodward

The wind is quite a funny fellow,
A very jolly punchinello.
He likes to play at hide-go-seek;
You feel his touch upon your cheek,
And when you turn to catch him there,
The rascal turns into thin air.

He's one of the merriest friends of mine
Who sings and plays when feeling fine.
Whistling gaily with never a care,
He pulls at my jacket and tousels my hair.
Sometimes I flee, he gets so vivacious;
His love for fun is almost salacious.

You should see him on one of his sprees;
He knocks down fences and uproots trees.
He pulls ladies' skirts high up in the air;
It's a wonder they'll stand for such an affair.
He does much mischief before he's done,
But the jolly old wind must have his fun.

Blame

By Jack Hopkins

"AND . . . . and I looks through th' door o' me room and there's that wop boy with a smokin' gun in 'is 'and, standin' over th' body o' that bootlegger. Now I'm a-tellin' you there's been some funny doin's in th' room o' that bootlegger . . . . . "

"That will be all, Mrs. McCarthy," interrupted the prosecuting attorney.

"Call the defendant to the stand," the State's attorney told the clerk.

"Antonio Vanelli to the stand; Antonio Vanelli to the stand," the clerk bellowed.

The Italian rose, his timorous nature offering a contrast to his huge, muscular build, and slowly walked toward the witness stand. After the conventional swearing in, he timidly sat down.

"Mr. Vanelli," asked the prosecutor, "what is your occupation?"

"What do you mean?" queried Tony.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, I worka een da boiler factory on Fifteent' Street."

"Day or night shift?"

"Day sheeft."

"What do you do at night?"

"I go to da movie or staya home an' reada books."

"What did you do the night of November eighth—the night Happy Sam, the bootlegger, was killed?"

"Well, boss, you see eet was laka dees," related Tony. "Dees night I coma home from work late, and I wheestle on da way 'cause I get a raise een da factory, and my boss, he tell me I might be da foreman some day. When I go pass Twenty-two street, I heara a noise lak a back-fire from da secon' floor of dees house. I t'inka somebody might be hurt, so I run up da steps and up da secon' floor, and soon as geet up da top of da steps, I see somebody run down da hall calla da fire-escape. I starta to run after heem, and I see one of da doors of da house open, so I go een da room, and I see da man layin' on da floor wit' a pistol next to heem, and I stoopa over da man, an' I see dat heesa been shot. So I picka up da gun an' . . . . "

While Mike Vanelli was pacing the floor of a cheaply furnished room of a down-town boarding house, another of his kind was pacing the sidewalk outside the house.

"Some life," Mike muttered to himself. "I mighta well 'a keeled myself. Can't even geet outa da house weet' dat guy from Happy's gang trailin' me. I ain't seed a newspaper in three days. I just gotta see what's happenin' outside. I just gotta!"

Mike opened the door of his room, and, looking up and down the corridor, saw a boy of fourteen or fifteen coming up the stairs.

"Hey, boy, come here a minute," beckoned Mike.

The boy, whose name happened to be Bill, puffing a cigaret, approached Mike and asked:

"Whaddaya want, Mister?"

"Listen, boy," said Mike, "I geeva you a quarter; you geeta me today's paper?"

"Ture t'ing," said the boy. "Gimme da two bits."

Mike gave him the money and waited at the door for him. In a little while the boy, eating an ice cream cone and carrying a bag of peanuts, returned with the paper. Mike grabbed the paper from the boy's hand and closed the door.

Mike's face turned white as he glanced over the headlines: "Antonio Vanelli on Trial Today for the Murder of Happy Sam, Bootlegger."

"Tony, Tony my brother on trial for the murder of Happy Sam!" Mike read each word over. "Dey can no do dees' cause I keela Sam myself. I go to the court and geet Tony out."

Mike rushed toward the door, but suddenly stopped. He remembered that one of Happy's men was watching him. Just then there was a knock at his door. Tony opened it, and standing there with a wide grin on his face was Bill.

"What you want?" demanded Mike.

"I just t'ought yuh might want me to go some place for yuh, huh?" asked the boy.

"Naw," Tony slammed the door in his face. "Some pest, dat keed."

Suddenly Mike opened the door as quickly as he had closed it. He had an idea. Looking down the hall, he was just in time to see the boy start to go down the stairs.

"Hey, boy," Mike called, "come here."

The boy turned, approached Mike, and asked: "Whaddaya want?"

"Listen, boy," explained Mike, "a boy your size has been hangin' around all day across da street. I wanta you should peeck a fight weeth heem. I geeva you five bucks."

"Dat guy must be nerts," Bill said to himself as he accepted the money, "givin' away five bucks just tuh hit a guy. I does it for nuttin'."

Mike anxiously watched through his window. Happy's man chewed on a cigar as he leaned against the lamp-post. A few feet away was Bill's victim-to-be, sitting on the curb of the sidewalk making a cellophane belt with cigar wrappers scattered all around him. Mike saw Bill walk pugnaciously toward the boy and deliberately step on his cellophane. The boy said something. Bill cursed him. Then came the battle. Kids rushed from everywhere—from alleys, from houses, from stores, to see the fight. Even Happy Sam's man became interested in the fight. Now was Mike's chance. He rushed out of the room and down the steps. Seeing his trailer watching the fight with interest, he ran down the street about fifteen feet, but his enemy, turning around to watch his prey, saw him. Mike cursed as he turned the corner. Happy's man, chasing him, drew his pistol and fired once, twice. Mike clutched his side as he fell wounded.

"I just gotta geet to dat court house," muttered Mike. "Tony can't taka da blame."

He finally drew up energy to call a taxi.

"Where to, Buddy?" asked the cab driver.

"Third Precinct court house, queeck," Mike managed to mumble as he got into the cab.

He had at least dodged Happy's man. That was something to be glad of. The question, whether he could only be in time to save Tony, went over and over in his mind. Tony couldn't take the blame, because he, himself, had killed Happy Sam. The cab stopped.

"Here y'are, mister," motioned the driver. "Fifty cents."

Mike gave him a dollar bill.

"Keepa da change."

Mike stumbled as he walked into the building. The pain

in his side was terrific. His hands were covered with blood.

" . . . . and we, the jury, find the defendant, Antonio Vanelli . . . . "

"You can't come in here." The policeman at the door was fighting with Mike.

"Tony can't taka da blame," Mike kept saying.

The court was in an uproar. Tony turned from facing the jury and rushed toward his brother.

"Oh, Tony," Mike gasped, "dey can no blama you for dees, 'cause I keela Happy Sam . . . . he muscled in on my territor' . . . . I know I been a crook and a bootlegger, but . . . . but I can no letta you taka da blame."

———o———

Contentment

By Helen Davis

'Neath mountains reaching near the sky,
Is a low-pitched hut so bright and clear,
Far away among green hills
Where autumn leaves float softly by
And dance around without a fear
Of winter's cold and dreary chills.

The sun is casting a mirror-like glow
Upon the peaceful scene of this home.
When all are gathered 'round the fire,
And creepy sounds steal from below,
To worldly things they care not to roam,
Or for higher fame is there any desire.

Contentment and joy surround this place,
A welcome greets you at the door;
Rest, rest, it seems to say
For sorrow has not left a trace
Of solitude and—I implore
That thus it will forever stay.

Squirrels

By George H. Reese, Jr.

IN THE freshness of an early fall morning have you ever sat in woods wet with dew and watched a happy pair of squirrels racing up and down the trunk of a tree as if it were but a circular staircase? Have you ever noticed how fleetly these little creatures leap from tree to tree seemingly without a care in the world? Has a squirrel's bark ever made your heart jump with the thrill that comes from the realization that one is nearby? If you have been unfortunate enough not to have experienced these delights, you have undoubtedly failed to grasp the spirit of the woods.

Of all types of bird, beast, or fish, there is nothing quite so interesting as a squirrel. Whether in the deepest woods or in a cage in one's own back yard his activeness, his intelligence, his alertness, his humanness, his gracefulness, his mischief, and his comical attitudes are constantly a source of entertainment. To me that lithe, graceful bit of animated muscle, brain, and fur leaping from tree to tree with the grace of a bird, running on the leafy floor of the woods speedier by far than a rabbit, ascending a tree like a lizard, and with the ability to shoot past a weazle on his way down represents the combined accomplishments of the whole smaller-animal kingdom.

The average person has little opportunity to learn the habits of squirrels and consequently does not realize just what these denizens of the woods are like. Many people in choosing pets prefer dogs for their intelligence; others, rabbits for their gentleness; some, monkeys for their antics and their likeness to the human being; a few, raccoons for their mischievousness and Persian cats for their beauty. Of all these qualities I do not believe the squirrel is lacking in a single one.

Smart? Yes, he is smart. Rabbits and deer will always run, will always circle, and will usually outwit the dogs. But, they always run and they always circle. Not so with a squirrel. One never knows just what he'll do next. His tactics are virtually without comparison among the woodland creatures. Sometimes he will run, and once he starts he is gone. Sometimes he will "sell out" through the tree tops. Sometimes he will flatten out upon a limb and no one below can possibly detect his presence.

Sometimes he will disappear into his den or possibly into his nest.

The wild squirrels that I have been accustomed to hunt feed mostly on hickory nuts, pine cones, poplar burs, dogwood berries, corn, and gum berries. One can quite easily locate their "feeding grounds" while roaming the woods. Whether it be hickory nuts or any of the other "dainties" mentioned above, the ground below a tree will be literally covered with hulls. It is very interesting to watch a squirrel "cut" hickory nuts. He runs easily along a limb out towards the end, his bushy tail rigid and extended behind for balance. He suddenly stops, raises his tail, stands on his hind feet, and reaches above his head for a nut. It takes but a few seconds to yank it off, and then settling upon his haunches he sets to work holding the nut firmly in his hands. His gnawing or scraping of the outer hull can be heard as much as fifty yards off. Bits of green outer hull begin to rain down upon the leaves below. After a period of about two minutes the scraping stops, a few heavier pieces of the hull drop, and soon the squirrel is reaching for another.

There is one queer thing about a squirrel that I can not understand. That is, why he never seems to mind a gunshot (unless it hits). Usually there are at least two squirrels in one hickory nut tree and they may both be eating. Shoot one, the other continues eating, or probably stops for a minute. He will never run. Sometimes if his mate is shot, the most he will do will be to come down to see what it is all about. If he does it is just too sad. Squirrels don't have nine lives.

As a pet, this animal is very gentle; however, he will not allow teasing. If taken from the nest in the woods at the age of two weeks, he is easily tamed. In fact, he is too young to be wild.

Hunting squirrels is great sport; squirrels for food are fine; taming squirrels gives much pleasure, and liking squirrels is inevitable.

Time

By Robert Ledford

I see a ship that lumbers on,
From distant ports away;
It started at the break of dawn
Its voyage of many a day.
What will that ship bring forth for me
On the rolling waves that roam the sea?

That ship I know is drawing near,
Is sometimes out of sight;
It dips beneath the waves, I fear,
But always turns aright.
Small chance of stranding on the rocks
When weaker ships have made the docks.

But now at last the waves are gone;
My ship creeps on the bay,
And the sails are even left alone—
The wind has gone its way.
The ship that sails its course so true,
Outsails all things; outlives its crew.

LEAVE IT to Mr. Miller to solve the problem! We knew he could do it, even if it did take several years of experience.

Every teacher is always confronted with that everlasting problem of what to do with the would-be ornaments in classes. These human ornaments sit around, gazing either at the ceiling or the floor with wandering minds and sleepy eyes. And now our scheming English Prof. has sprung a new idea to get rid of these vagrant-minded creatures. He has suggested that one of the four corners of 109 be filled in with a great big sand pile! He has chosen 109 to begin with, when there are many 4H's applying for this diversion. Special courses in cooking have been provided for the girls, in which they shall make mud piles, sand tarts, and grit cakes. The boys have not been slighted, oh no! Our ever-thoughtful Mr. Miller has provided engineering courses for the males, in which they shall construct tunnels, bridges and fences of sand. An added attraction is the fact that the corner under the windows has been chosen for the sandpile, so that the dear little 4H sandfleas may gain the advantage of sunshine.

—o—

Autumn

By Betty DeNubila

Autumn, oh that melancholy season
The bushes are stripped where the
naked trees rocked;
The hills are nude for some bare
reason.
Do you wonder now why the corn is
shocked?

Mr. Nims: "But why this terrible rushing all the time? People in other countries don't dash around as we do. And besides what is there to do when we get there?"

M. Bowles: "Come back!"

—o—

Mr. Freas: "I'm not deaf, I just can't hear."

—o—

Amy Lowell On Sycamore Street At Noon On a Saturday

By Florine Smith

Cars
Big blue cars
Black cars
Little cars
Quite new
Painted
Or otherwise
Fords
Rattling Fords
Gobs of 'em
Some red
And with stripes
Black stripes
White stripes
Some big
Some not so big
With lots of horns
Some klaxons
Quite a few
Not klaxons
But still more cars
Coming and
Going
Rushing madly
Here and
There—
Cripes;
What is
This world
Coming to?

Mr. Freas: "Mr. Pringos, a really clever person could justify himself in that mistake, but I don't think you could do it."

—o—

Mrs. Gatling (very much excited): "You think you're funny, don't you?"

"Kinks" Thompson: "No-o-o-o-, I know I'm funny."

—o—

Mr. Freas (speaking of the many fleas in Italy): "It really is remarkable—the wonderful things that Mussolini has done for Italy. He's a great man—why, he's got all the fleas out of second class railway carriages in Italy."

—o—

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

—o—

Miss Riddle: "Miss Bowles, you're doing nicely as an applicant for a demerit!"

—o—

"Or Somp'n"

Mr. Freas: "If you want to write something, you ought to write something about something you know something about."

—o—

Have you heard the latest from 315?

The other day in class Mr. Freas was discussing (innocently enough), the way the French drink. He explained that they sipped their wines and what-nots instead of gulping them down in great swigs as we Americans do. So far, so safe, but here's where he slipped up. He declared emphatically that after drinking four bottles of Burgundy the French way, one could get up and be just as sober as he was at that present moment. Of course the class tittered; then our beloved French prof, unable to restrain himself any longer burst forth with, "Well, I AM sober!"

Now the question left to our imagination is: guilty or not guilty? 'Course we can't prove one thing on our dear French teacher, but we do know for sure that he came back from the "playground of the world" last year with a black eye! Now put two and two together and get four . . . . (time out for adding) . . . . Did you get it?

Page Mr. Einstein!

Miss Guerrant: "Now, children, how long ago was one hundred and forty-four years?"

—o—

Mr. Nims: "What shores was Aeneas sailing by when he spoke of 'vestris oris'?"

M. C. Roane: "By the shores of Gitche Gumee."

—o—

New Job For The Iceman

" . . . . yes, isn't it strange that when people get frozen they rub their limbs with snow until circulation is restored?"

Benevolent Old Lady: "But what do they do with the poor people in summer?"

—o—

The Love Of Mary Pillage

By Betty DeNubila

In Florida a maiden lived,
Her name was Mary Pillage;
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks
were red,
And platinum curls all over her
head,
The prettiest girl in the village.

Her age was nearly twenty-one,
A pretty thing to see;
Old men and young ones,
rich and poor,
Courted by all men, to be sure.
Never a rival had she.

There came to her town a handsome man;
His name was Randolph Cary.
His hair was black, his teeth like
pearls;
He was rushed by all the fair
young girls.
"I'll get him," said wistful Mary.

As soon as he took one glance at
Mary
He felt the one great passion;
As all the village had supposed,
He, on his knees, had soon pro-
posed,
As it was then the fashion.

At last the fatal day arrived,
And Mary felt very grown up;
In her wedding gown, her hands
were unsteady;
The preacher came, the feast was
ready,
But the bridegroom had not shown
up.

The guests were waiting at the
church;
How could she bear this strife!
The girl found a note, much to
her grief
Which said in a sentence clear
and brief:
"So long; must go to my wife."

—o—

Mr. Nims: "Miss Bowles, who was Bacchus?"
M. Bowles: "He was the God of Having a Good Time!"

—o—

Mr. Miller ! !

To confess is to be excused.
Mr. Miller: "What did I ask you? I've forgotten!"

—o—

Senorita Wilkie: "Miss Bowles, where is Arabia?"
M. Bowles (sweetly): "In India!"

—o—

Too Much Noise In The Room

Miss Riddle: "Mr. Lamb, you can't leave this room! Are you signing up?"
P. Lamb: "No'm, I've come back."

Why?

By Leonard Lubman

I sometimes sit and wonder
  At why we go to school
And have to sit and ponder
  On each old silly rule.
I sometimes sit and wonder.

I sometimes sit and wonder,
  At why the teachers fuss
And worry us, by thunder!
  Until we want to cuss.
I sometimes sit and wonder.

I sometimes sit and wonder,
  At why we do it all
When we'd rather be out yonder
  With others playing ball.
I sometimes sit and wonder.

—o—

Mr. Nims (puzzling over a Vergil construction): "Look it up in the book and see what Mr. Knapp says about it."

Class: "He calls it causal ablative absolute."

Mr. Nims (after deep thought): "That's splendid; I was going to say that myself."

—o—

Mr. Freas: "Now, I don't want to confuse you folks any more than I can."

—o—

Mr. Nims (returning late to his room after cheering practice and meeting Mr. Wolff in the hall): "Oh, is cheering practice over?"

Mr. Wolff: "Yes, everywhere but in your room."

—C. W.

1932 Football Season

ABOUT SIXTY men appeared at Cameron Field on the first day of practice to vie for football honors this season. After the first week of practice, a first reduction left a squad of about forty, not so large that everyone could not receive individual attention, and not so small that injuries would reduce its strength.

During the first few weeks of practice Coach Day was fortunate to have the services of Berkeley Carter of V. M. I. and Douglas Myers of University of Virginia assisting him in whipping a team into shape for the first contest. Frank Livesay, captain of last year's team, was also seen on the field every day teaching the linesmen the finer points of the game. When the first game arrived, the team had a thorough review of fundamentals and was in good physical condition.

—o—

Captain Albert Mayton, who holds down his halfback berth in a first class manner, was unable to participate in several games at the start of the season as a result of an ankle injury. He was ready to start in the McGuire game, however, and performed to great advantage. Ed Motley, another halfback, shows the consistent drive for which he was memorable last year. Bill Robertson and John Trueheart rapidly proved themselves able field generals. Robertson is an accurate passer and a fine kicker, while Trueheart is outstanding in ball toting and defensive work. Johnny Jones is up to form as an elusive broken field runner, while Harwood Smith, who was out of the majority of

games last year on account of a bad shoulder, is displaying some powerful drive. Eric Tipton at fullback does most of the kicking and backs up the line splendidly. Zeto shows steady improvement and is becoming a valuable asset to the team. His speed and pass-catching ability have spelt disaster to his opponents.

In the line Fred Williams and John Gill proved themselves worthy of their positions, while Bowers and Rogerson showed fine style as second stringers.

The wing positions are held down by George Harrison and Gus Wright, whose names should be listed in the candidacy for all-State honors. (Editor's Note: Pringos and James Wheelan are making fine showings at the same position.)

Pilcher and Daniels, both lettermen, fill the guard positions. Each shines offensively and defensively.

The remainder of the forward wall is taken up by Will Rogers. Rogers is an accurate passer and plays a splendid defensive game. Although he was unable to play in several games, his position was ably filled by Kinsey Spotswood, who plays a "bang-up" game in the middle of the line.

The scores of the games to date are:

Petersburg	32	Emporia	0
Petersburg	7	Woodrow Wilson	13
Petersburg	32	Suffolk	0
Petersburg	13	St. Christopher	6
Petersburg	26	McGuires	0
Petersburg	18	Thomas Jefferson	0
Petersburg	6	Maury	0
Petersburg	0	Hopewell	7
Petersburg	33	John Marshall	0

Following is a complete list of the squad since the first cut:

BACKS:—Mayton, Motley, Robertson, Jones, Trueheart, Smith, Zeto, Moss, Alexander, Keane, Boisseau, Willcox.

TACKLES:—Williams, Gill, Bowers, Rogerson, Connor, Davis, Talbott, Fisher.

ENDS:—Harrison, Wright, Cooper, Pringos, McCann, James Whelan, Bradsher, Whelan, Rogers.

GUARDS:—Pilcher, Daniels, Prichard, Brown, Thompson, Asbeil, Harris, Kinsey.

CENTERS:—Rogers, Spotswood, Bradsher, Mann, Wilkerson.

The Petersburg High School football team weathered some of the toughest opposition it has met in recent years and came through very successfully. The road trips proved disastrous, and the Wave met defeat at the hands of Woodrow Wilson and Hopewell.

We will list some of the plays which meant the difference between victory and defeat.

Bill Robertson's run-back of Valentine's punt put the **Maury** game in the bag for Petersburg.

The fine pass-receiving ability displayed by George Harrison spelt defeat to the opposing teams.

The first touchdown against John Marshall was completed with the successful off-tackle running by Trueheart and line plunging by Tipton.

The entire season has been featured by spectacular runs by Zeto who has added elusiveness to his speed.

This year's team possessed a fighting spirit which enabled it to go places. Every man on the squad deserves full credit for its splendid record.

In conclusion let's give three cheers for Coach Day. His unselfish devotion and his impartial actions for the uplift of the team warrant a very deserving praise.

—A. P.

Girls' Athletics

"Outside! . . . . High School's ball! . . . . "

No, siree, the girls of Petersburg High School have not lost their interest in sports but have taken up a new game—Hockey. This game is very much like basketball. The rules are practically the same, only hockey sticks and a smaller ball are used.

About a hundred girls went out for this sport, but gradually some dropped out, probably thinking running up and down the "court" five or six times is a little too much exercise. The practices are on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday from 3 to 5:30 o'clock.

"The Missile"

As in basketball, the girls are required to have doctors certificates stating their physical conditions before they play hockey. It is not necessary for a pupil to take physical training in order to play.

Miss Inez Wells, the girls' athletic coach of P. H. S. has announced that class teams will be organized soon. These teams will play each other until the rules of the game are well fixed in their minds. Then the "Big Team" will be chosen.

Miss Wells hopes that the team will be able to have at least one game with another school. Later on when hockey is better organized at P. H. S. more outside games will be scheduled.

—J. B. G.

Springtime Melody

By E. Cherie Burgess, '26

I recall a gorgeous moon on a night in
June,
When the fires of youth flamed high,
Yet the lad's farewell ere fading of
that moon
Was followed by scarce a sigh.

Moonlight on water and Springtime
melody,
Stars' shine, and blossoming tree,
All these that lovers praise must be ever
But empty words to me.

Since they all were absent when my true
love spoke,
They can never make me care,
But a February rain and the first frog's
croak,
Are more than I can bear.

"The Missile"

IN THIS MONTH'S issue of the Missile we will try to mention some of the outstanding alumni whom we are all interested in:

Lucy Pilcher

An outstanding member of the class of 1925 was Miss Lucy Pilcher. Miss Pilcher graduated from William and Mary College in 1929. She was a member of the Pi Phi Sorority of this school. After her graduation she took a summer course in French at the University of Paris. She is an active member of the A A. U. W. organization of this city. Miss Pilcher is also a member of our faculty and is teaching French and English.

—o—

Hamilton-Bernard

Two of our graduates of 1924 were married on October 29, 1933. They were Miss Mary Rutherfoord Bernard and Alexander Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton was graduated from the Farmville State Teachers' College. She has taught in Chester High School, Chester, Va., and D. M. Brown School in Petersburg. Alexander Hamilton attended Hampden-Sydney College, and studied law at the University of Virginia. He is now practicing law in this city. This young couple are making their home on Marshall Street.

—o—

Claiborne Jones

Claiborne Jones, who was better known to his friends as "Tay," was in the graduating class of 1932 and was one of the most outstanding students of Petersburg High School. He is a Freshman at Hampden-Sydney College this year, and is a member of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity. We feel sure that he will make as much of a success at Hampden-Sydney as he made in Petersburg High.

—o—

Mary and Charles Bradsher

Some of those who have made a name for themselves at Duke University are two members of the Bradsher family.

Miss Mary Bradsher was a graduate of P. H. S. in 1924.

She attended Randolph-Macon Woman's College for a year. From there she went to Duke University, and graduated in 1929. At Duke she was the editor of the girls' publication, "The Distaff." After she graduated, she took a post-graduate course in social work at Smith College. She is now working in the State Department of Mental Hygiene in Richmond under Dr. Drewry.

Charles Bradsher graduated from P. H. S. in 1929. He is studying chemistry at Duke University, where he is a Senior this year. He was a member of the track team in 1930 and '31. This fall he is applying for a Rhodes Scholarship and has been recommended by the school as one of the applicants from the State of North Carolina.

—o—

Joseph and Elizabeth Moore

Dr. Joseph Moore graduated from the Medical College of Virginia. He had three years interneship in New York City and is now practicing in Charleston, West Virginia.

Dr. Moore's sister, Miss Elizabeth Moore, graduated from Petersburg High in 1927. She is now a teacher at Bolling Junior High School.

—o—

Preston Hoy

The alumni and student body of Petersburg High School were deeply affected by the death of Preston Hoy, better known to his friends as "Doc." He graduated from High School in the class of 1926, and was one of its most popular boys. He then attended Hampden-Sydney College and was a member of the Chi Phi Fraternity.

Before his death he was in his third year at the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria. He was ordained a deacon in St. Paul's church on July 3, 1932.

We know that he will remain forever in the hearts of not only his classmates but all who knew and loved him.

George Smith

We all remember George Smith, alumnus of P. H. S., who was an outstanding fullback on our football team. Now he is starring on the varsity team of V. P. I. Excellent in blocking and interference, he has already won for himself recognition in the State, and is working steadily towards all-Southern recognition.

—o—

Alumni at College

Let's now find out something about some of our most recent graduates of the class of 1932.

At Harrisonburg State Teachers' College we find several Petersburg graduates.

Anne Bond and Willene Clarke, who were outstanding in many of the sports at P. H. S., are now Freshmen.

Conway Gray and Elizabeth Threatt are also Freshmen at Harrisonburg this year.

Mary Van Landingham is a member of the hockey team at the same college.

At Farmville State Teachers' College we find two sisters, Mildred and Louise Potter, while Julia Melba Alley and Anne Rainey are both attendng Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Braxton Townsend, Pitt Haynes, Willis (Pee Wee) Wills, "Clipper" Hardy, Archie Robertson, John Williamson, Carl Torrence, Ben Campbell, Oliver Rhudy, Forrest Collier, and Eddie Burch all attend the University of Richmond.

Charlie Romaine is attending Randolph-Macon.

Tay Jones, Jimmie Thweatt, Howard Wright, Bill Spottswood, John Beckwith, and Edwin Hemphill are enrolled at Hampden-Sydney College.

Julian Beckwith, John Lucas, Edward Lucas, Bolling Cameron, Hugh Johnson and Edward Whitmore are at the University of Virginia.

James Beasley, Raleigh Powell, Richard Matthews, Jimmie Jordan, Harry Temple and George Smith attend V. P. I.

Maxine Welch is at Brenan College, Georgia, and Bill Fey is enrolled at Georgia Military Academy.

—A. M.-N. S.

Scraps

OUCH! My back! Oh! My ankle! Gee, I've got to climb those stairs again, and am I sore!

Don't those exclamations sound familiar? It's all come about since hockey practice started, and the girls of the P. H. S. have been developing the good old sporting instinct and muscles, etc., three afternoons a week, out at the Lee Park field. The number of turned ankles, sore muscles, and bruised shins, if you wanted to find it exactly, would just about equal the number of girls out for the team. As beginners, the girls are rather reckless with those murderous-looking sticks they use in the game, and it's no light matter to receive a good whack with one of them on the shin or ankle.

It is an interesting sight to watch some thirty-odd girls clad in blue gym rompers, with flying tresses, enthusiastically chasing a small white ball about the field. Although they never seem to settle down to their practice with the grim seriousness with which the boys on the football squad do, Miss Wells seems to hold high hopes that she will have a team that will cover itself with glory in its coming game with the Farmville girls.

—o—

Speaking of the game of hockey, Mr. Thompson made a mistake the other morning that caused a moment or two of astonishment in his class. Reading a notice hurriedly, he came to the last item, and read aloud, "All girls desirous of playing hooky will meet Miss Wells in the gymnasium at recess!"

—o—

Lately there has been coming to school a queer-looking set of creatures dressed in indescribable ways and commonly thought

to be the last of the Mohicans. There have been many wild and imaginative guesses as to the identity of these weird beings. Some say that they have escaped from a well-known institution for the mentally deficient at Williamsburg. Others say that they are really escaped noblewomen from Russia in disguise, but as this department is not written for the purpose of insulting Russia, we shall abandon that theory. Last and least, some few foolish ones say that these peculiar beings are really girls entering societies at P. H. S.

Now we grant that these creatures are the most outlandish things seen in the vicinity of P. H. S. for a long time, but we cannot go so far as to say that any person in this world or the next, would be so unbalanced as to enter such a club. So that problem must remain unsolved until a later date when more brilliant minds than ours can fathom this deep mystery.

—o—

Music, music, everywhere! But none like that the Rotary Quartette gives when they entertain us in assembly every now and then. The student body spoke for itself with its applause that Tuesday morning. In spite of Mr. Wright's insinuation that all our enthusiasm was due to a desire to keep from classes as long as possible, we still insist that it was really due to the music itself. We nominate the Rotary Quartette as successors to the Mills Brothers, and as successors to no one, but rather as a new kind of comedy team, we nominate Mr. Dick Ryan and Mr. "Big Glick" Wright.

—o—

Damon had his Pythias, Romeo his Juliet, and Mr. Thompson his rabbits. These darlings are the apples of his eye, and he loves them one and all. Towards them he exhibits a most loving care. The rabbits (about 75 New Zealand whites), fully return his love, follow him faithfully around. If by any chance, one morning their loving guardian should leave their cages unfastened, the school would probably see a horde of white rabbits come hopping towards 215, following Mr. Thompson to his room and sitting through a course in mathematics.

Seriously, however, we could all learn a lesson from this and refrain from cruelty to dumb animals in and out of school.

The Hi-Y program this year is an ideal one in that it furnishes lots of entertainment for the High School students at a small cost, and at the same time contributes generously toward the Y. M. C. A. work. The club has pledged seventy-five dollars to the Y. M. C. A., most of which they hope to realize from their dances this fall and from the Hi-Y Minstrels that are being considered.

—o—

The Square Circle has pledged fifty dollars toward the same cause. The girls are looking about for some way of raising the money in these times of depression. In anything they undertake they should be assured of the heartiest support of the student body. We all agree that the cause is a worthy one and should be supported, even at the cost of a few personal sacrifices.

—o—

The Literary Societies are hoping to contribute something to charity, also, but the way things look now, their contributions will be composed mostly of good will. The Daniel, Page, and Miller Societies are all three big successes as literary organizations, but as financial successes they show the need of a second Andrew Mellon.

—o—

A group of boys were talking together, not so long ago, about speaking on the platform in assembly. One vehemently exclaimed that no sum of money or anything on earth could induce him to speak before such an audience.

All this is very foolish, because there is absolutely nothing to it. It is just as easy to speak in assembly as it is to grapple with four or five husky lions with a couple of tigers thrown in, and so think nothing of it.

By the way, it wouldn't be a bad idea to forget to come to school on that particular day if you are a trifle absent-minded.

—o—

After lunch on Friday afternoons during the football season, it has become a custom to have a little enthusiastic cheering for dessert. A couple of weeks ago, after going through all the

familiar yells, the girls decided that a new one was needed. The next Friday a most resourceful young lady presented the new yell, and a very good one it was. We feel that Miss M. C. Roane deserves credit for her addition to P. H. S.'s favorite yells. It goes like this:

Give 'em a yell! Give 'em a yell!
Give 'em a good substantial yell!
Yea, team! Yea, team!
Fight 'em! Fight 'em! Fight 'em!

Now that our cheer-leader, Mr. Dance, has officially recognized it, we are happy in the assurance that the yell of the season of '32 will be handed down to posterity. Who knows but that when we are old and grey we shall hear the yell that we sponsored on the lips of the cheering section of 1982!

—J. E.-W. K.

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